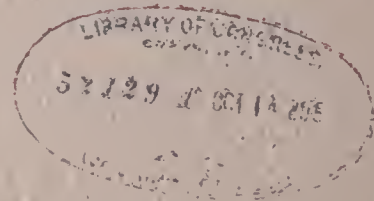


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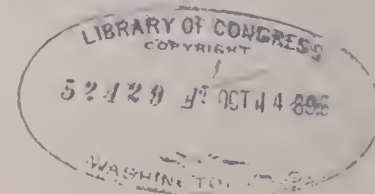
By the "Old San Antonio"



Signature



The Historic and Picturesque San Antonio River.



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GOD'S glory lies not out of reach,
The moss we crush beneath our feet,
The pebbles on the wet sea-beach,
Have solemn meanings strange and sweet.

OWEN MEREDITH.

To the Heroes of the Alamo, who,
on the Altars of Sacrifice,
gave to us this Heritage of Sunshine and Freedom,
this little Volume is Dedicated.

MATTIE BELL DIGNOWITY.



BY deep dells and deeper glades,

In dim lights and dimmer shades,

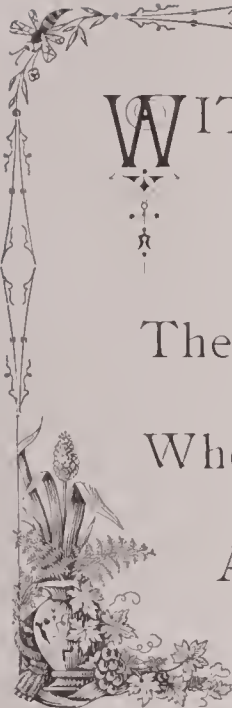
'Tis here I love to wander by the "Old San Antone."

Where the waters softly rush,

The lamplights dance and flush,

A band in tender thrills beats a sweet "La Dulcione."





WITH bright faces beaming out

From the shadow bars about,

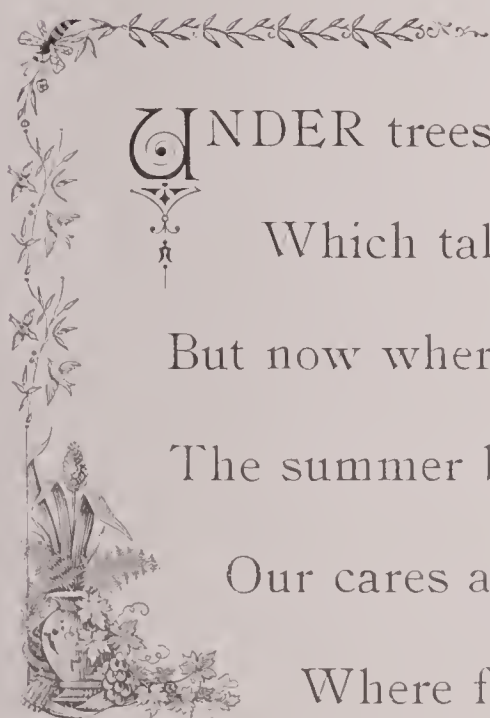
The sheen of subtle moonlight melting down in silver glories.

Where the flowers bloom and play,

All the livelong year away,

Hearts tell o'er and o'er their golden songs and stories.





UNDER trees still battle-scarred,
Which tales could tell all gory-marred,
But now where the wild bird sleeps so still and sweet,
The summer breezes lull and kiss
Our cares away in dreamy bliss,
Where fond lovers e're will sigh, and love, and meet.





THE gardens centuries old

Droop with tangled mass of gold,

Rich with scent of blossom which the breezes stir and shiver,

The anemones smile and nod,

Shed their tears and return to God,

The phlox and lilacs dream and the white daturas quiver.





YET every crystal running stream,



Has its whirl-pools mid the gleam,

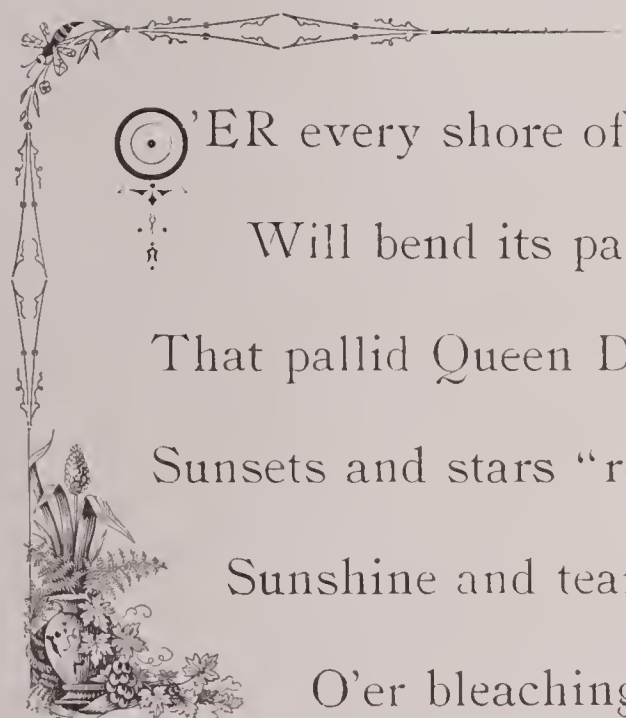
Its joyous noisy ripple speaks low in dusky caves;

May-garlands dead we find

Tho' bright the path we wind,

Leeward wrecks have drifted on sunniest crested waves.





○'ER every shore of coming years

Will bend its passions, hopes and fears,

That pallid Queen Despair oft a sceptered hope will reign;

Sunsets and stars "rest arms" in twilight weather,

Sunshine and tears flash rainbow-hues together,

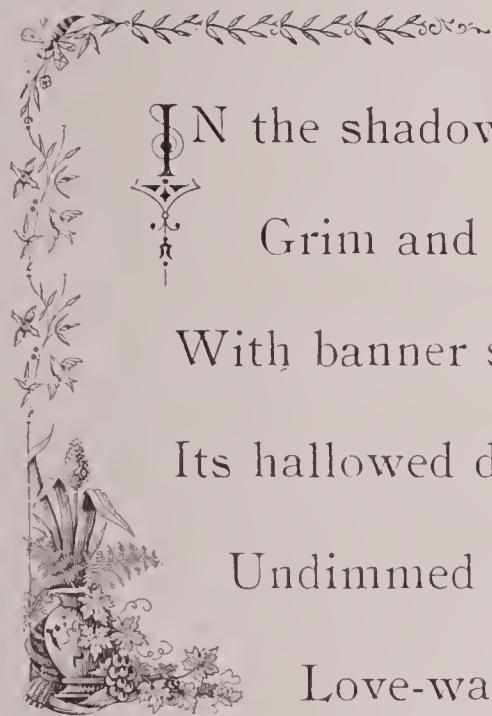
O'er bleaching beach of pearls, some storm will drift its strain.





ROUND every azure star a midnight stillness weaves,
Sheen blends to shade ere summer's blossom leaves,
No day without its coffin-lid, its shroud and seraph's hymn;
Life kisses love in farewell of the tomb,
Every golden glimmer dawns from out the gloom,
The sweetest heavenly harps have chords subtle, sad, and dim.





IN the shadow rests our Alamo,

Grim and gray with years strewn o'er,

With banner stainless furled while a martyred band we weep,

Its hallowed deeds a gleaming crown,

Undimmed by time its aisles surround;

Love-watch we keep while right and truth smile o'er its sleep.



SAN JOSE.



CONCEPCION.



THE
ALAMO



SAN JUAN.



ESPEDA.



'TIS told at hours of midnight's flight

Through its halls, flit spectres white

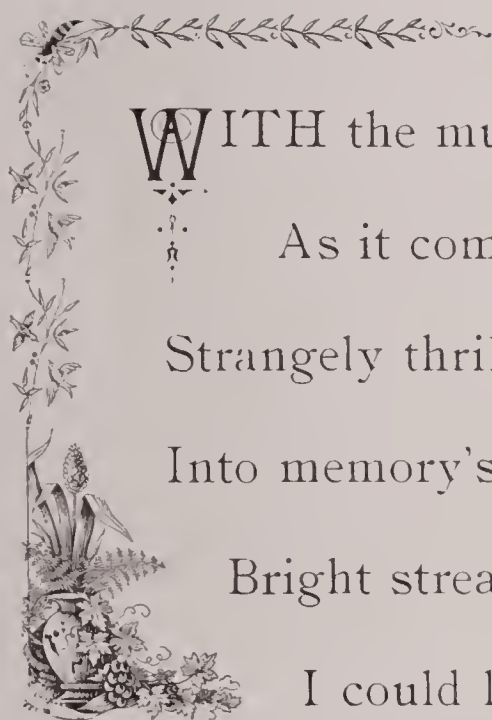
And mystic sounding footsteps, pass with restless martial tread

Around this shrine and spot,

But what it is, ah! we know not

Unless, some whispers faint from throngs of dreamless dead.





WITH the music and its power,

As it comes in sweeter shower,

Strangely thrilling all my heart-beats and my veins;

Into memory's woof is weaving,

Bright streaks of gold is leaving,

I could listen on forever to these rippling dulcet strains.





'TIS here I dream and ponder,

O'er ecstatic chords and wonder

When all this dreaming, and this song of life is o'er,

Will the perfume and the power

The sweetness of this hour,

All these echoes melt away into the evermore.





I MAY wander off to far-land,

But there'll sweep to me this flower-land,

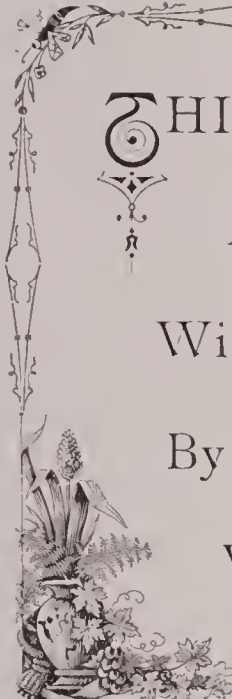
With its legends, and its ruins, its triumph over wrong.

The rustle of its lillies,

Its undertones and faces,

Its mantle of mellow moonlight, its sunsets, and sweet song.





THIS my love-rhyme and I tell it

As I see it, as I hear it.

With a band softly playing a sweet "La Dulcione."

By deep dells and fairy glades

With light laughter in the shades,

And the evanescent shimmer of the "Old San Antone."



The Wild Flower's Song.

I heard it singing by the water's brink,
As it kissed the wavelet's edge,
Which laughing surged, and then it sank
At the foot of a gray rock ledge.

“I'll blossom here this summer time,
A virgin fair, a white love-bloom,
A childhood frail, yet sweet is mine,
I'll sink to death so soon, so soon.”



“The restless winds rock me to sleep,
The sunbeams guide and love me, too,
The shadows cover my cradle deep,
While the night birds kiss and coo.”

“The ‘watching stars’ laugh in my face,
’Tis their Matin mirth I hear,
The wood nymphs revel in mist-white lace,
I know naught of sad or fear.”

“My life so pure it bears no blush,
One spark from God, one note I bring,
Some day He’ll whisper I must hush,
I’ll droop my head and rest my wing.”



“I may drift away on the river streaming
To a magic land where elfins dwell,
To a glistening isle with silver gleaming,
Or find my tomb in a pink mouthed shell.”

Ah! little flower your song so true,
Has breathed of love's humility;
God smiles out to me from you,
E'en tho' so small He's leaning near thee.

I'll come again to hear you sing,
You soothe my heart, your hand it sways,
To me this everlasting balm you bring
His watchful love we'll share always.



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